

But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
She ha's done my Office. I know not if 't be true,
But I, for meere Suspicion in that kinde,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him:
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
In double Knauery. How? How? Let's see.
After some time, to abuse Othello's eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seeme to be so,
And will as tenderly be lead by th' Nose
As Asses are:
I haue't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?
1. Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Main, see
Descry a Saile.

Mon. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so vpon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What shall we heare of this?

2. A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:
For do but stand vpon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clouds,
The winde-shak'd Surge, with high & monstrous Main
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th' euer-fixed Pole:
I neuer did like mollification view
On the enchain'd Flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish Fleet
Be not enshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3. Newes Ladders: our warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,
That their designment halts. A Noble ship of Venice,
Hath scene a greuous wracke and suffrance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mon. How? Is this true?

3. The Ship is heere put in: A Verenness, Michael Cassio
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, Othello,
Is come on Shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't:

3. But this same Cassio, though he speake of comfort,
Touching the Turkish losse, yet he looks sadly,
And praye the Moore be safe; for they were parted
With fowle and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray Heauens he be:

For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (ho)
As well to see the Vessell that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for braue Othello,
Euen till we make the Maine, and th' Eriall blew,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For euery Minute is expectancie
Of more Arriuancie.

Enter Cassio.

Cassio. Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That to approue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens
Giue him defence against the Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Mon. Is he well ship'd?

Cassio. His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylor
Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not surfett'd to death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.

Cassio. What noise?

Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th' Sea
Stand rankes of People, and they cry, a Saile.

Cassio. My hopes do shape him for the Gouvernor.

Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courtisie,
Our Friends, at least.

Cassio. I pray you Sir, go forth,

And giue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd.

Gent. I shall.

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wi'd?

Cassio. Most fortunately: he hath archien'd a Maid
That paragon's description, and wilde Fame:
One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,
And in th' essentiall Vesture of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who ha's put in?

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, Auncient to the Generall.

Cassio. Ha's had most fauourable, and happie speed:
Tempests themselves, high Seas, and howling windes,
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to enlogge the guiltlesse Keele,
As hauing fence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by
The Diuine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cassio. She that I spake of:

Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights speed. Great loue, Othello guard,
And swell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loues quicke pants in Desdemona's Armes,
Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Emilia.

Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:
You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees.
Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heauens,
Before, behind thee, and on euery hand
Enwheele thee round.

Def. I thanke you, Valiant Cassio,
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

Cassio.

Cassio. He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly heere.

Def. Oh, but I feare:

How lost you company?

Cassio. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowship. But hearken, a Saile.

Within. A Saile, a Saile.

Gent. They giue this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewise is a Friend.

Cassio. See for the Newes:

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris:
Let it not gaul your patience (good Iago)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold shew of Courtisie.

Iago. Sir, would she giue you so much of her lippe,
As of her tongue she oft bestowes on me,
You would haue enough.

Def. Alas! she ha's no speech.

Iago. Infait too much:

I finde it still, when I haue leaue to sleepe.

Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

Emilia. You haue little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of
doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kit-
chens: Saints in your Injuries: Diuels being offended:
Players in your Huswiferie, and Huswifers in your
Beds.

Def. Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true: or else I am a Turke,

You rise to play, and go to bed to worke.

Emilia. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Def. What would 't write of me, if thou should'st
praise me?

Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too t,

For I am nothing, if not Criticall.

Def. Come on, assay.

There's one gone to the Har bour?

Iago. I Madam.

Def. I am not merry: but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Come, how would 't thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my inuention comes
from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes
out Braines and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she
is deliuer'd.

If she be faire, and wise: fairenesse, and wit,
The ones for use, the other vseth it.

Def. Well prais'd:

How if she be Blacke and Witty?

Iago. If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit;

She'll find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.

Def. Worse, and worse.

Emilia. How if Faire, and Foolish?

Iago. She neuer yet was foolish that was faire,

For euen her folly helps her to an heire.

Def. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles
laugh i'th' Alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou
for her that's Foule, and Foolish.

Iago. There's none so foule and foolish thereunto,

But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wise-ones do.

Def. Oh heauy ignorance: thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deser-
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